MEMOIRS

June 1927

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MEMOIRS

Editorial and Business Staff

1927

MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

MEMOIRS

Published by the Class of 1927

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CLASS MOTTO

"We Lead; Others Follow."

CLASS COLORS

Nile Green and Silver

CLASS FLOWER

Sweet Pea

In Memoriam

James Francis Currivan

Born, July 16, 1909 Died, October 30, 1926

James Francis Currivan, one of our best loved classmates, was born on July 16, 1909. He was a member of our class from our fifth year of school to October 30, 1926, the date of his death.

The recollection of his pleasant smile, his good comradeship and ever sunny disposition is a treasured memory in the hearts of all his classmates.

Editorials

The members of the staff take this opportunity to thank all those who have aided us in making "Memoirs" a success. We thank the faculty for the advice and co-operation which they have given us. We also thank the members of the school who have so willingly subscribed for our class book, thus greatly encouraging us in this undertaking.

As Editor-in-chief I also take this opportunity to express my thanks and appreciation to my fellow-workers for their hearty support.

Lois A. Chapman, Editor

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

In behalf of the Class of 1927, and the officers of "Memoirs", especially of the Advertising Board, I wish to thank all those who have co-operated with us in our undertaking. It is by their help and interest that this year book and class memorial has been made possible.

Edward P. Merrill, Manager Advertising Board

Class Roll

*Alfred Charles Anderson
Leo Dante Annese
Walter Everett Aspray
Gladys May Bartlett
Henry Joseph Bellavance
*Turbina Loretta Carbonetti
*Lois Althea Chapman
Terrell Earl Cobb
Roger Francis Corey
Marie Gertrude Creedon
Mary Christine Crotty
*Oliver Lovett Danforth
Eleanor Frances Darmedy
*Gertrude Elizabeth Dean
Grace Margaret Dooley
*Fred LeRoy Doolittle
*Alice Marie Erving
Howard Richardson Fiske
*Nettie Priscilla Freeman
*Wallace Lilburne Giles
*David Vernon Green
Cornelia Julia Houghton
Mary Regina Jackson
Ruth Vernon Livermore
Evelyn Marie Lovely
*Margaret Mary Maday
Albert Henry Marshall
Edward Paul Merrill
*Muriel Dorothy Morse
Norman Frederick Morse
Hilda Elizabeth Palmer
Florence Cook Perchard
Dorothy Madeline Richards
Norman Everett Thayer
Thelma Gertrude Thomas
Carl James Ulm
Henry Madison VanWormer
Doliver Spaulding White

* Pro-Merito Society Members, 85 percent or over for four years.

Program of Class Night

PART I

Song
High School Chorus

Address of Welcome
Doliver Spaulding White

History of The Class of 1927
Margaret Mary Maday

Violin Solo
Leo Dante Annese

Reading
Thelma Gertrude Thomas

PART II

Piano Solo, "Hungarian Concert Polka" Imre Alfoldy
Roger Francis Corey

Prophecy of the Class of 1927
Alfred Charles Anderson

Reading
Lois Althea Chapman

Will of the Class of 1927
Wallace Lilburne Giles

Class Ode
Sung by the Class

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

The Senior Class bids you a cordial welcome here tonight, Parents, Relatives and Friends, to enjoy with us the presentation of our Class Night program.

We have looked forward during our last year at Mansfield High School to the time when we, as a graduating class, should offer our Class Night exercises for the enjoyment of our guests. Now the time has arrived; the much awaited pleasure is before us. Tomorrow night, you will see us as students—young men and women who have completed their high school course; tonight you see us as young men and women who have enjoyed together, for four years, a happy social life. It affords us a great deal of satisfaction to give, to the people of the town, a little glimpse of the pleasures, the fun, and the acquaintances that have made our school life so rich in happy associations.

Doliver Spaulding White

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1927

Listen, classmates, teachers, and friends, to the history of our most worthy and meritous class of 1927. Look back with us and recall those first days at the Mansfield High School. How awkward and out of place we felt, and how we dreaded the recess periods and the seniors those first few weeks, especially if we had long hair and it was not easily dried!

And remember our first class meeting. How important we felt when we had elected our class officers: Wallace Giles, president; John Anderson vice-president; John Hanaford, secretary; and Evelyn Lovely, treasurer. And imagine our delight and our feeling of self-satisfaction when we learned that some of our own members had won letters in athletics! You see, we firmly believed in the old saying, "You can't keep a good man down." But the athletic meet in May—that was the best of all. On that night our class was made famous in the eyes of the whole school when Gertrude Dean came second in the jumping contest, with a jump of three feet eleven. Our first party, too, was a grand affair. What more could we wish for than a party of our own and the privilege of staying out until the late hour of eleven o'clock?

But now a curtain falls over this happy year, and we realize that like so many others, it has passed, never to return.

Then we came back as sophomores, filled with joy and expectation as to what the new year would bring us. Because of the mighty size of our class there were no accomodations for an incoming class this year, and we were obliged to hold over until another year our vengeance for abuses received the previous year. And so, back to our studies—French verbs and Latin declensions galore. And bookkeeping! Did Mrs. Olsen have no mercy? Test after test with the same result—"The worst set of papers I ever corrected."

But with all our studies, you may be sure we found plenty of time for recreation and amusement. This time we chose for president, Eleanor Darmedy; for vice-president, Wallace Giles; for secretary, Jeanette Mawhinney; and for treasurer, Cornelia Houghton: and very capable they were in handling our many business transactions. We were not behind in athletics this year, either; and it was with great delight that we watched several of our members run away with honors.

June came again, and once more we left our books and pencils to fill our minds with something more interesting.

September, and we were back again as juniors, ready to take up our tasks where we had left them. Remember how important we felt?

We were more than anxious to elect our new officers this year, for this would bring nearer the day when we should receive our class rings. Roy Doolittle was elected president; Eleanor Darmedy,

vice-president; Carl Ulm, secretary; and Jeanette Mawhinney, treasurer. At length the day arrived when each one of us was proudly displaying a 1927 class ring.

And who has forgotten the junior class play held on March 17? On this never-to-be forgotten occasion we put before the public the most interesting and fascinating one-act play ever presented by a junior class. We now had money enough in the bank to give the seniors a marvellous reception. How earnestly we worked, scouring the country for an orchestra suitable for such a grand affair! At last, we decided to give Morey Pearle of Boston the privilege of playing before us. We worked hard on our various committees, striving to make our reception better than any other had been, and we were amply repaid. What a success it was! It was surely worth all the time and work that we put into it.

This, however, does not end the story of our junior year. We are willing to take all the credit due us, and we cannot possibly let you forget that our coach, Mr. Seamons, found in Terrell Cobb one of the best mile-runners in the East. Cobb ran in many races and made a great name for the school as well as for himself. This, I think, completes the history of our memorable junior year.

Two months later we found ourselves back at the Mansfield High School once more, proud in the realization that we were now seniors.

The election of new officers was the first number on our program. They were Roy Doolittle, president; Wallace Giles, vice-president; Eleanor Darmedy, secretary; and Muriel Morse, treasurer. For a time we were happy as any class could ever be. Then a great sorrow came to us. We, who had started school so happily in September, were now saddened by the death of one of our most loved classmates, James Francis Currivan. The entire class attended the services at St. Mary's Church and went in a body to the funeral at St. Mary's Cemetery, East Mansfield.

On Thanksgiving Night we presented the three-act play entitled "The Hottentot." It was the best ever. No other play was ever quite so entertaining and so well acted as was ours. By this time many of our actors had grown so famous that it became necessary to limit the number of tickets, and it was decided that we should admit only the first thousand people. It was a success, and there was not a little discussion as to how we should spend our money.

After many heated arguments, it was agreed to follow the usual custom of taking a trip to Boston. The date was set for March 24; and for once, at least, Mr. Robinson did not have to reprimand any of us for being tardy. Who has forgotten that night, when, after dining at the Hotel Westminster, we set out for the Colonial Theatre, where we saw the musical comedy "Sunny"? What a good time we had and how hard it was to settle down again to the daily routine of books! But we managed to keep up in our studies, and we were very proud when we learned that twelve of our mem-

bers were eligible to the Pro Merito Society. They were Muriel Morse, Roy Doolittle, Turbina Carbonetti, Wallace Giles, Gertrude Dean, Margaret Maday, Alice Erving, David Green, Alfred Anderson, Nettie Freeman, Lois Chapman, and Oliver Danforth.

And now the year draws to a close, and the time has come when we must leave all these pleasures and joys forever.

Margaret Maday.

CLASS PROPHECY

Dear Roy:

Pardon this personal letter, which I feel is somewhat of an intrusion now that you hold such a distinguished office. But even though you are the attorney-general of New York, I can but feel that you will be interested in knowing of the whereabouts of your High School classmates who were graduated with you thirteen years ago today. Remember that I was assigned the class prophecy with all the difficulties that go with that position? Had I but known that the destinies of each and every one of the class would turn out to be an exact duplicate of his school dreams, how easy I would have found the office of prophet! For these dreams have really come true as I will show you in the following roll call of our classmates.

Wallace Giles's ambitions were realized when he was placed in charge of a newspaper and press in a small town in Northern New Hampshire. He has Mr. Corey as side-kick and aid-de-camp when this ambitious young man isn't out looking for subject matter for his sport column which he conducts in Wally's paper.

Surely you know what Albert Marshall has accomplished in the course of thirteen years! But in case you have the audacity to inform me of your ignorance in this matter, I will tell you that he has met with success in the field of electrical engineering. The "Marshall Radio Vision" apparatus, which is very likely sitting before you as you read this letter, is one of the masterpieces of this distinguished man. By means of this wonderful instrument you can talk face-to-face with people anywhere.

The metal used in the inside construction of this remarkable invention was originated by "Inkie" Merrill, and finally perfected in his private laboratory after years and years of patient research.

How natural it is to retain one's interest in sports and to keep track of all the great athletes of the day when you have attended the same school and been graduated in the same class as they. There is Aspray, the great pitcher, who recently pitched a no-hit game against St. Louis, and Terrell Cobb, the "miracle runner", so termed by the judges of the Olympic Races when he carried away all the honors that they could bestow upon him. Surely Henry Bellavance deserves more than ordinary praise for his recent

coaching of the Mansfield Football team to their astonishing victories, which seemed to become a habit as the season progressed.

The papers, as you know, have been devoting much space recently to the chase of the fugitive McColm, who escaped from Sing Sing last winter. Norman Thayer, the great detective, has had full charge of the proceedings, and with the aid of Norman Morse's squad of State Police has ended the game of hide and seek that this criminal has been leading the prison authorities.

It seems that every snappy, syncopating, jazzy song that finds its way to popularity bears the autograph of Miss Grace Dooley, the greatest pianist and composer of modern days. The witty words that accompany these lively songs are supplied by the great humorist of this age, Henry VanWormer,who in everyday life holds a position as speed typist with some large business house in Boston.

The well-known dental surgeon, Dr. White, originator of the famous non-slip false teeth, is none other than our classmate Doliver.

The great automobile salesman, David Green, is observed among literary men as a deep-thinking critic.

Whom do you suppose I encountered in the office of Chandler's the other day? None other than Thelma Thomas, who is now engaged as private secretary to the president of this company. She told me that Muriel had just returned from a trip to Paris, where she had been buying hats, coats, and other Parisian stock for Filene's. Thelma recounted to me her trip with Muriel to "Annese's Rose Gardens" in Lexington, where they danced to the music of Leo's "Troubadours".

Alice Erving has honored us by climbing to the height of fame in the moving picture business at Hollywood.

While taking my noon walk across Boston Common, I frequently meet Marie Creedon and Margaret Maday. These inseparable friends are employed by the Necco Candy Co. of Cambridge. Marie is a stenographer in the shipping department, and Margaret is traffic manager.

The Transcontinental Express that wings its way over Boston every morning, used to arouse me at very irregular times. But now since the great women pilots, Hilda Palmer and Mary Crotty have been piloting this gigantic plane, it has run so true to schedule that I have discarded my old alarm clock and let the roar of the exhaust awaken me.

Lois Chapman and Eleanor Darmedy have just returned from studying abroad. Lois has been finishing a course in elocution, while Eleanor has spent most of her time in becoming an accomplished pianist. Before this trip both were employed as stenographers in the Custom Office in New York.

Howard Fiske is the affluent owner-manager of a modern 500 acre truck farm situated near Worcester.

Nettie Freeman, immediately after returning from a world tour,

began lecturing in the larger cities in the East.

Oliver Danforth owns a large chemical laboratory in Boston.

Mary Jackson is private nurse for an aged millionaire in New York, so Cornelia Houghton informed me while I was a patient of her ward in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

It may surprise you to learn that Evelyn Lovely has turned to politics. She is now mayoress of Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Ruth Livermore and Dorothy Richards, one a graduate of Wheaton and the other of Framingham Normal School, are both teaching in Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Gladys Bartlett now occupies a position as chief accountant in a well-known office on Wall Street.

I knew that Carl Ulm was a very experienced trapper; therefore it did not surprise me when I heard that he was managing a fur farm on the Cape.

Florence Perchard has opened a private school in Worcester, where she teaches bookkeeping, typewriting, and other commercial subjects.

Gertrude Dean is private secretary to the president of the First National Bank of Miami.

The Standard Oil Co. recently hired Turbina Carbonetti to take charge of a new branch of their service in Mexico.

This completes, I believe, the roll.

You can see, Roy, that back in 1927 I did not prophecy our classmates' futures so incorrectly after all.

Sincerely yours,
Alfred C. Anderson

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1927 of M. H. S.

The Class of 1927, being wholly uncertain in mind and manner, does hereby announce the following to its highly unappreciative public, this document being the last will and testament of the aforementioned class of '27, (all former documents declared null and void.) wherein we solemnly will and bequeath the following:

To the Juniors, or Seniors-to-be, we submit a large bottle of pep to be partaken of frequently, in the hope that they will profit greatly thereby.

To the Sophomores, or Juniors-to-be, we leave a very valuable example of how to conduct oneself in the corridors.

To the Freshmen, or Sophomores-to-be, we leave our scholarly dignity and ability, feeling sure that they can make use of them.

To the incoming Freshmen we leave our faculty for making ourselves familiar with new surroundings and environment.

To Miss Helen Sawyer we leave a deep feeling of gratitude for

the remarkable season in basketball, and the hope of a repetition of the same next year.

Doliver White bequeaths three inches of his height to Herman Cundall.

Alice Erving leaves her quiet and attentive manner in classes to Jane Barnes.

Henry Bellavance and Roger Corey leave their success as athletes to Bernard Jalbert and William Harlor, with hopes for a successful basketball season next year.

Norman Morse and Carl Ulm leave their shy and retiring manners to Jalbert, who, we feel sure, can make ideal use of them.

Thelma Thomas leaves her basket-ball record and ability to Ruth Wills.

Edward Paul Merrill freely offers his ideas on the question of wearing apparel to Wallace Morrison.

David Green leaves his ability to converse freely on nearly any subject to Bernard Beatty.

To Pete Dunbar is left a volume of "Saxaphobia," heartily endorsed by Terrell Cobb.

To Bud Jones, Carl Ulm leaves his speed on the baseball diamond.

Cornelia Houghton leaves her record of attendance to those who do not care to learn more about the Constitution of the United States.

Albert Marshall cheerfully bequeaths to Bill Chase his sense of humor and, also, his knowledge of Radio.

To Charlie Sweet, Bob Aspray leaves his fighting instinct and bull dog grit on the gridiron.

Ruth Livermore leaves her shy and retiring personality to Marie Leary.

We leave to James Coad, Graham MacNamee's book of instructions in radio announcing.

Grace Dooley leaves her proficiency at piano playing to Hope Rider of the class of '28.

Leo Annese bequeaths to Raymond McKay his hard earned success with the violin.

And lastly,Carl Ulm has passed over, for some Junior or Sophomore, a small, vest-pocket note-book containing names, addresses, and telephone numbers. (Line forms on the left,—Don't crowd Freeman.)

In testimony whereof, we hereby set our hand and seal this twenty-first day of June, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Seven, A. D.

Class of 1927
Wallace L. Giles.

CLASS ODE OF 1927

Words by Albert Marshall Music by Grace Dooley

Classmates, tonight we have come to the crossroads,
Where each a path must choose;
In the world which now before us lies,
Success we must not lose.

Long and rugged the way may seem;
But though we stumble and fall,
Undaunted we'll rise and forward press
In answer to duty's call.

We are now setting forth on a journey,
A race that must be run.
We shall never follow; always lead
Till the longed-for goal is won.

Commencement Program

Prayer
Rev. Edwin H. Hughes, Jr.

Salutatory
Fred LeRoy Doolittle

Presentation of Class Gift
Roger Francis Corey

Acceptance of Class Gift
Alice Gray, Class of 1928

Address
Rev. Robert W. Coe

Valedictory
Muriel Dorothy Morse

Presentation of Diplomas and Awards
Nelson G. Howard, Supt. of Schools

Class Ode
Sung by the Class

SALUTATORY

It is my very pleasant duty to welcome every person here tonight. We, who shall be high school graduates shortly, realize that your presence is an indication of your interest in us and of your good wishes for the Class of 1927.

Tonight we have reached the first milestone in our lives. Very shortly, when our graduation exercises are climaxed by the re-

ceiving of our diplomas, we shall have completed our first task. This completed task is what is commonly known as a preparation for life.

Whatever we may do in the future, our past accomplishments can never be taken away from us. We have delved into many branches of knowledge, but out of it all we have learned to think and to reason for ourselves, an acquirement which can not be overvalued. Although we do not fully comprehend now, perhaps, what this means to us, when the opportunity to use our education comes, we shall gradually come to the realization that however hard the task of preparation may have seemed it was indeed worth while.

We understand parents, teachers, and friends, that you have come together tonight to congratulate us on our past accomplishments and to send us on our way with kind and sincere wishes for our success. And so in behalf of the Class of 1927, I extend a hearty greeting to you and assure you that we are very glad to have you present to witness our first success in life and to bid us Godspeed on our new journey.

Fred LeRoy Doolittle

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT

Tradition is a pleasing thing. Among the practices that have grown up around Mansfield High School, the custom of presenting a gift at graduation is one of merit. We, the class of 1927, have gladly followed this custom as a means of showing to the school our appreciation for all that it has done for us.

Much thought has been given to the choosing of our gift, and we feel certain that a good choice has been made. Our selection is this set of reference books in History and Science. They were chosen with the object in view of stimulating interest in the growth of a school library, which we as students have realized the need of. We hope that this beginning which we have made may interest others in this worthy cause.

In a spirit of good will and friendliness toward present and future members of Mansfield High School, we are happy to present these books.

Roger F. Corey

Acceptance of Class Gift

In behalf of the Mansfield High School, I wish to express the sincere gratitude and appreciation that we feel for this gift from the Class of 1927, the culminating expression of your loyalty.

You have laid the foundations of a long needed school library. The value of reliable reference books in stimulating a student's interest in his work cannot be over-estimated. We know that these books will prove a source of pleasure and of profit.

It also makes us very happy at this time to acknowledge the receipt of a sum of money from the Civics Department of the New Century Club to be used for the same purpose.

We wish to express to you our deep regards, and to extend the hope that success will follow you, one and all, as you go forth on life's journey.

Again we offer our most sincere thanks.

Alice Gray

VALEDICTORY

Graduation night has arrived at last, the night that we, the class of 1927, have been looking forward to for four years. When we first entered high school, four years ago, this event seemed far distant; but now it seems but a short time since we were freshmen. We can hardly realize that after tonight we shall no longer be a class in the Mansfield High School, but alumni.

We go forth into the world tomorrow with a broad outlook on life and with high ideals. From our high school course we have acquired a certain versatility, which will enable us to adapt ourselves to the new conditions and circumstances which we shall encounter. We shall have need of this acquisition, for it is the youth of today who must carry on what others have begun, and who must launch new enterprises. We must not, we shall not, fail in our task.

Parents, we are unable to express in words the gratitude that we feel to you, who, by your helpfulness, sacrifices and trust, have made it possible for us to secure a high school education.

Teachers, we wish to thank you for your efforts in our behalf—for your guidance and untiring patience.

Schoolmates, we shall never forget the many happy times that we have shared together. We must now say good-bye; but before we go, we wish you success in every undertaking.

Classmates, the time for parting has come. After tonight we shall no longer work together; each of us will take up his chosen vocation or continue his preparation for his future life-work. Some of us will travel far away; others will try to find useful places as citizens in this community. But however far we travel or however long we stay, we shall always gratefully remember the pleasures we have enjoyed, the friends we have made, and the knowledge we have acquired in Mansfield High School.

Muriel D. Morse

THE BROWN MYSTERY

"Yes, Henry, I went to see banker Brown last evening. He is willing to give $5,000 towards that playground which our club is trying to procure."

"That's fine, Fred. We ought to be able to start proceedings soon, then."

As he spoke, Henry Bradstone reached for the morning paper, which was lying on the table. He glanced at the headlines. Then, with an exclamation, he leaped to his feet.

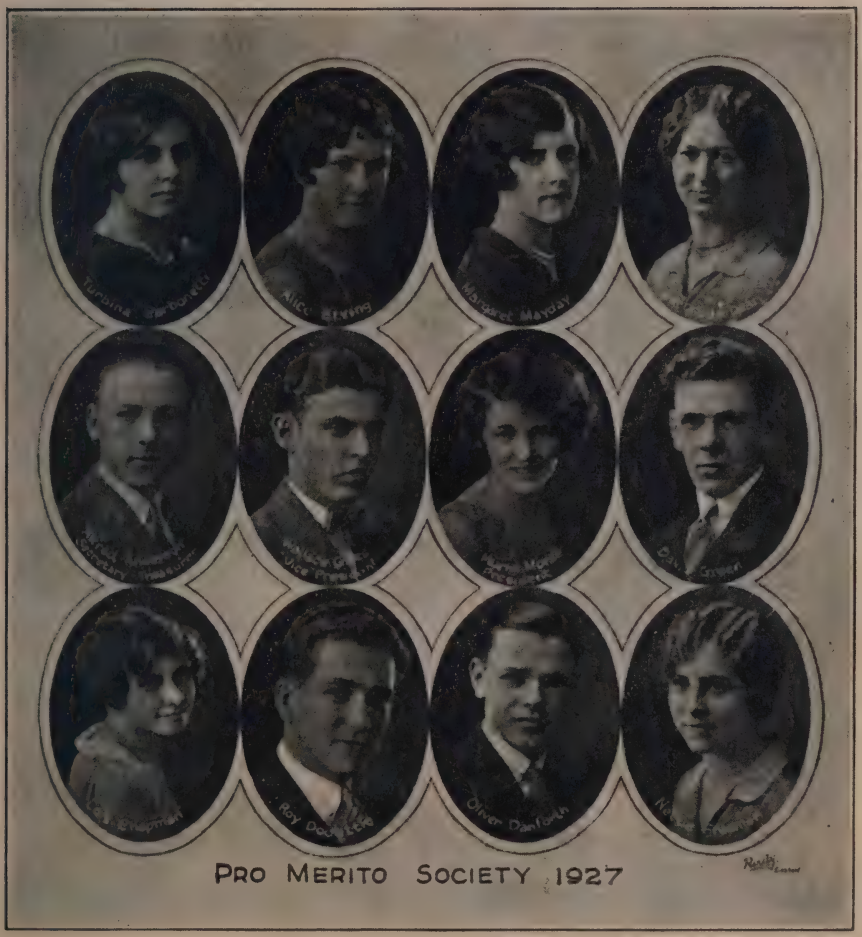
Seeing his friend's consternation, Fred Dunlap sprang up and snatched the paper from his hands. He scanned the headlines. In horror he read:

"Thomas Brown, wealthy New York banker, found murdered in bed early this morning."

"Good God! Who could have done this thing!"

"Henry!"

"Yes, Fred."

"This must have occurred shortly after I left there. Why Tom told me that he had the $5,000 laid aside in his safe. I wonder if

PRO MERITO SOCIETY 1927

Students
Mansfield
Class

and Faculty
igh School
f 1927

someone knew of that and tried to rob it. I can't—."

Fred was interrupted by the opening of he door. Two blue-coated policemen strode in.

Fred Dunlap, you are under arrest for the murder of Thomas Brown."

Fred's face turned pale.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Why Tom Brown and I were the best of friends."

"I'm sorry, sir. Will you go along peacefully or must I handcuff you?"

"Why, officer, this man is one of the most respected men in our city. No one will believe him guilty," spoke up Henry Bradstone.

"Well, then, if he is innocent, no doubt he can prove himself so. Perhaps you do not know that Mr. Brown's nephew, Daniel Snow, who, as you know, lives with Mr. Brown, was in the house last evening. We have his word that Mr. Dunlap was there. We know that Mr. Dunlap needed $5,000 and that amount is gone from Mr. Brown's safe. I understand my duty. Mr. Dunlap must come along."

"Yes, Henry, Snow was there. Never mind, this horrible affair must turn out all right."

Fred was taken to jail, where he was held without bail.

In the meantime Henry vowed to find the real criminal and free his friend. He tried to figure out just what had happened.

"Of course Fred is innocent. How can he be suspected?"

But, all the evidence was certainly against him. Henry decided to go to the banker's house to see if he could discover anything that might prove a clue.

Accordingly he called on Daniel, ostensibly to offer his sympathy. Watching Daniel's actions carefully, Henry noticed that the latter appeared very ill at ease, and that though he professed to be very sad because of the death of his uncle, he did not appear really unhappy.

Henry tried to draw Daniel out in the conversation, but was baffled in his every attempt. Feeling that his visit was to prove useless, he rose to go. Daniel rose, too. As he did so, a piece of folded paper with several blood spots on it fell out of his pocket.

Henry saw it and quick as a flash he reached for it, and slipped it into his pocket.

As soon as he was far enough from the Brown mansion to feel safe, hastily unfolding the paper, Henry read:

Jan. 29

Daniel:

Your plan fine. Ours for the taking. Why not do job to-night?

"January 29. The very night on which Tom Brown was murdered."

This paper must be given to Fred's lawyer immediately. It might save Fred."

Henry literally flew to the lawyer, into whose care he gave the tell-tale paper, beseeching him to work on this clue.

The following morning, very early, the lawyer called Henry to ask if he would go with him to Daniel Snow's house, to try to force a confession from him. Something must be done, for Fred's trial was to begin that very day.

With two officers, Henry and the lawyer went to Daniel's house. The policemen were posted outside the door, while Henry and the lawyer went in to talk to Daniel.

To make a long story short, Daniel, being a coward at heart, upon being confronted with the tell-tale letter, sank in his chair and confessed that he was the guilty person, whereupon the two policemen, who had overheard all, hastened in and placed him under arrest.

Then they went to the courthouse where already a large crowd had assembled. When it was time for the trial to begin, Fred's lawyer, to the astonishment of all, told the story of how they had forced Snow to confess.

Justice took its course and Daniel Snow was dealt with as he deserved.

As for Fred, he was carried out of the courthouse on the shoulders of the excited throng. There were joyful reunions between Fred and all his friends, but Fred with all his joy, could not forget what Henry had done for him and how close he had come to suffering for a crime which he had not committed.

Mildred E. Nordberg, '29

THE AIR MAIL

Humming through the night they come,
  Speeding on through sleet or snow;
They must always make their run,
  Though the wind may howl below.

Roaring through the darkest nights,
  Forward always they must go.
Beacons greet their straining sight;
  Now a guardian city's glow.

On through fog a dreaded peril,
  On through wind and driven rain,
On and on with will determined,
  Speeding forward—back again.

Dangers always, always risk,

When the earth is far below;
Mountains hidden, drifting mist,
Always onward they must go.

On through darkness swiftly flying,
Risking all to bring the mail,
Men who lead the world in daring,
Who would sooner die than fail.

I. Roy Martin

MY SHIP OF DREAMS

The ship of my dreams will come sailing
Down a sea of azure blue;
All my dreams are locked within that ship—
The ship of my dreams come true.

First it will be a tiny speck,
Lying far out to sea;
But I shall work and work for my dreams
So the ship will come sailing to me.

If I should lose the vision,
And work and try no more,
That ship of mine would go sailing away,
Away to a distant shore.

So I will keep on trying,
And the effort never rue,
For my ship to me will come sailing—
The ship of my dreams come true.

Christine M. Martin, '29

Class Notes

On December 21, the Seniors gave a Christmas party to the school, which was well represented. When it was time for Santa to arrive, the excitement became intense. When Santa unmasked, it was with great astonishment that we gazed on the beaming countenance of Mr. George Whitmore. Dancing followed, music being furnished by Strople's Orchestra.

April 8 the preliminary speaking contest was held. Those chosen by the judges for first place were Hope Rider of the Junior Class, and Fred Doolittle, of the Senior Class. Thelma Thomas and Wallace Giles, both of the Senior class, won second places.

On May 6, Mansfield was represented at the final speaking contest by Hope Rider and Fred Doolittle. The contest was held at Walpole.

During one of our Wednesday morning assemblies the Seniors presented a short play, entitled "Enter Dora; Exit Dad". Special commendation should be given to the vocal talent behind the scenes, especially during the election returns in the last act of the play.

On March 24 the Senior class enjoyed a banquet at the Westminster Hotel. It was followed by dancing in the famous Winter Gardens. The class then assembled at the Colonial Theatre, where they saw the well-known musical comedy "Sunny". The chaperones were Miss Hill, Mrs. Wilbur, and Mr. and Mrs. Everett Robinson.

Mention should be made of the wonderful record the girls' basketball team of 1927 made. Special praise should be given to our coach, Miss Helen Sawyer.

Bookkeeping diplomas have been awarded to the entire class for having completed the three year course. There are eleven members in the class.

A gold pin was also awarded to Oliver Danforth for the highest average for the year in Bookkeeping.

The Senior stenography class, under the supervision of Miss Evelyn Hill, passed with 100 percent the Order of Gregg Artists' Test. Miss Evelyn Lovely received honorable mention for having the best paper in the class.

The Class of 1927 has maintained a high average in the typewriting department. Out of a class of 24, 14 have attained a speed of 40, 14 a speed of 50, 3 a speed of 60, and 1 a speed of 70.

A card case and certificate were awarded to the Misses Alice Erving, Cornelia Houghton, and Florence Perchard for attaining an average of over sixty words per minute.

THE HOTTENTOT

On Thanksgiving night we put on a play;
We called it "The Hottentot";
And from what other people say,
Everyone enjoyed it a lot.

Before the play the paint was applied.
The design on some was unique;
Paul Merrill seemed to be trying to hide
Beneath a derby, sleek.

Carl Ulm blushed even deeper, they say,
Than ever he blushed before;
But everyone liked this modest display
Not seen on the street any more.

Ruth Olney looked so old and gray
With a wig and a wrinkled face;
But the way she rolled her eyes,
Was really out of place.

Miss Thelma Thomas was certainly great,
Vamping her way through the play;
And I am sorry to relate
She still has the habit today.

Little Miss Chapman, the heroine fair,
Was charming in manner and speech.
The closing scene with the loving pair
Was declared by all a peach.

Roger Corey had a dashing part
As a sportsman rich and young.
Some thought he made of acting an art;
Some thought he ought to be hung.

Doliver White was a wonderful sight
As a butler in brilliant red;
His clothes were alright, but really too tight
For comfort, so he said.

Roy Martin was a millionaire,
Bald-headed and quite old.
He only had one worry or care—
He feared his head might catch cold.

Doolittle, Ulm, and Wally Giles,

Made up in a beautiful way,
Were heard to mutter every once in a while,
"I wish I were out of this play."

The play went off in finest style—
Our coach sure knew her stuff;
And with her bewitching little smile—
Why, I guess I have said enough.

I. Roy Martin.

At the Valentine Party

It was in the year 1927, somewhere in the vicinity of Valentine Day, as I recollect, that the Senior Bookkeeping Class, (a society created for the purpose of devastating good journal paper while endeavoring to get a trial balance) was invited by our most efficient instructor, "Gertie F.", to attend a Valentine Party at her residence, near Sodom.

Of course we all accepted with enthusiasm, even little "Rosie" Chapman, who is supposed to be in bed at 7:30 every night. We all agreed to bring a valentine, providing our financial standing would permit it.

At last the night arrived. We met at the appointed hour, and our instructor, arch enemy of Wrigley Gum Co., (ask Bob Aspray —he knows) proved to be a very charming and delightful hostess.

Games of all kinds were played—some beyond my poor powers of description. One game, however, lingers in my memory, although the name of it has slipped from me. I think its object was to ascertain whether we could make our heads go faster than our feet, or perhaps it was to see if our feet would stop when our heads did. At any rate, VanWormer was the star performer, and succeeded in proving that flat heads are sometimes an advantage over fat heads.

After the games, we assembled in the dining room for refreshments. Several noteworthy incidents occurred there. The crowd sang to help "Dandy" overcome his embarrassment, and Marie absent-mindedly ate her napkin. "Oscar" tried to drink all the sugar, but "Connie" saved a few grains for the rest of us.

We opened our valentines, some of which were both appropriate and humorous. "Oscar" received with his valentine a gold piece, awarded by Mrs. Olsen to the student securing the highest half year average in bookkeeping.

By this time it was long after "Rosie's" retiring hour, so we voted to adjourn; but before we went, we sang several songs, while our hostess accompanied us on the piano. Some one played

a mandolin; but although we hunted high and low for the musician, we could not find him.

Every one present had a wonderful time that night, and the Senior Bookkeeping Class of 1927, most heartily thanks our hostess, Mrs. Gertrude F. Olsen, for the pleasant memory she has given us for our "Memoirs."

Norman F. Morse, '27

BESTS

Best looking girl—Cornelia Houghton
Best looking boy—Carl Ulm
Best disposition—Walter Aspray
Most dignified—Dorothy Richards
Shown most school spirit—Henry Bellavance
Done most for the class—Roy Doolittle
Best artist—Alfred Anderson
Most talkative—Eleanor Darmedy
Class beau—Carl Ulm
Jolliest member —Lois Chapman
Most studious girl—Turbina Carbonetti
Most studious boy—Oliver Danforth
Best girl athlete—Gertrude Dean
Best boy athlete—Henry Bellavance
Most likely to succeed—Oliver Danforth
Most popular boy—Roger Corey
Most popular girl—Eleanor Darmedy
Best dancer—Alice Erving
Most punctual—Turbina Carbonetti
Most retiring girl—Nettie Freeman
Best all round girl—Eleanor Darmedy
Best all round boy—Roger Corey
Class philosopher—David Greene
Most bashful person—Carl Ulm
Most sensible member—Lois Chapman
Most talented—Roger Corey
Class poet—Albert Marshall
Best musician—Grace Dooley
Class dictionary—David Green
Most energetic—Henry Bellavance
Wittiest member—Albert Marshall

BY THEIR INITIALS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM

L. D. A.—Leo Does Anything
W. E. A.—Walter's Everlasting Attentive

A. C. A.—Alfred Can Act
G. M. B.—Gets Many Beaux
H. J. B.—He's Just "Belly"
T. L. C.—Turbina Loves Cooking
L. A. C.—Likes A Chrysler
T. E. C.—"Ty" Eats Competitors
R. F . C.—Roger's Forever Courting
M. G. C.—Makes Good Cake
M. C. C.—Mary Can Center
O. L. D.—Oliver Loves Decimals
E. F. D.—Eleanor Favors Dancing
G. E. D.—Good Every Day
G. M. D.—Good Music Desired
F. L. D.—Fred Likes Dancing
A. M. E.—Alice Must Eat
H. R. F.—Howard Ruins Farms
N. P. F.—Neat—Punctual—Fascinating
W. L. G.—"Wally" Likes Girls
D. V. M. G.—Dodges Very Many Gals
C. J. H.—Connie Jazzes Hilariously
M. R. J.—Mary Requests Jazz
R. V. L.—Ruth's Very Liberal
E. M. L.—Enjoys Much Laughter
M. M. M.—Margaret Makes Merry
A. H. M.—"Al" Hums Music
R. I. M.—Roy Impersonates Mussolini
E. P. M.—"Eddy" Plays Manager
M. D. M.—Muriel Does Much
N. F. M.—Norman's From Missouri
I. F. P.—Irene Favors Pictures
H. E. P.—Has Every Pose
F. C. P.—Florence Can Punch (keys)
D. M. R.—"Dot" Means 'Right
N. E. T.—Never Early, Tardy
T. G. T.—Thelma Gayly Talks
C. J. U.—Carl Jollies Us
H. M. V.—Has Much Vim
D. S. W.—Doliver Sings Wooingly

FOOTBALL

We lost by graduation some of the members of last year's football team; but when the call for candidates was issued, twenty-two men reported.

The summary of the games:

Middleboro	13	H. S.	— 0
E. Bridgewater	— 0	H. S.	—27
Walpole	—19	H. S.	— 7
Canton	—13	H. S.	— 0
Wellesley	—21	H. S.	— 7
Ashland	— 7	H. S.	—27
Bridgewater	—21	H. S.	— 7
Foxboro	— 0	H. S.	— 7

The boys, captained by "Bob" Aspray, showed fine school spirit, not only in their victories, but in their defeats.

On December 7 a football banquet was tendered to the boys of the team. The guests of honor were Principal Robinson, Superintendent Howard, the School Board, Messrs. F. Bingham, P. Gilbert, A. Anderson, N. Chapman, C. Roberts, H. Fowler, A. Livermore, R. Wheeler, and Roy "Red" Randall of Brown, who delivered an inspiring address on Sportsmanship.

At the banquet the following men received letters: Captain "Bob" Aspray, Manager Coad, Bellavance, Ulm Doolittle, Corey, Cobb, I. Martin, Harlor, Dustin, P. Martin, Nickerson, Whitehouse, and H. Houghton.

After the banquet the letter men elected "Bill" Harlor, of the junior class, captain for the season of 1927-28.

BASKETBALL

In basketball we held our own against the best teams in the state. Fifteen men came out as candidates; those not making the team practiced all through the season with the team to keep it in good condition.

The summary of the games:

St. George's Prep	—32	H. S.	—19
Alumni	—25	H. S.	—38
Foxboro	—29	H. S.	—24
W. Bridgewater	—11	H. S.	— 8
Bridgewater	—35	H. S.	—27
Middleboro	—46	H. S.	—30
Norfolk Aggies	—16	H. S.	—20
N. Attleboro	—18	H. S.	—16
Plainville	—17	H. S.	—14
Alumni	—13	H. S.	—16
Foxboro	—11	H. S.	— 7
W. Bridgewater	—15	H. S.	—10
Bridgewater	—36	H. S.	—10
Middleboro	—12	H. S.	—29
Norfolk Aggies	—21	H. S.	—25
N. Attleboro	—32	H. S.	— 8
Plainville	— 8	H. S.	—18

At an assembly held Wednesday, April 13, the following men were given letters: Captain Bellavance, Manager Giles, Corey, Ulm, I. Martin, Harlor, and Nickerson.

The team, though not the best, was one of the fastest in the state. Every member played well.

The girls' basketball team, captained by Miss Eleanor Darmedy and managed by Miss Gertrude Dean, had the most successful season in the history of the school. We played eleven games, winning ten and tying the other. There was fine cooperation between the players and their coach, Miss Helen Sawyer.

Miss Sawyer ,a graduate of Sargent, deserves much credit for her coaching. From the first practice until the last she had the girls practicing fast pass work.

The summary of the games:

Alumni	—12	H. S.	—46
N. Attleboro	— 6	H. S.	—23
Franklin	—12	H. S.	—15
Bridgewater	—15	H. S.	—24
Franklin	—19	H. S.	—19
Foxboro	—26	H. S.	—47
N. Attleboro	—36	H. S.	—57
Bridgewater	—24	H. S.	—45
W. Bridgewater	—13	H. S.	—35
W. Bridgewater	— 5	H. S.	—25
Foxboro	—12	H. S.	—70

The team will lose by graduation six regular players. They are the Misses Darmedy, Lovely, Dean, Crotty, Houghton, and Thomas.

The record of the season shows that Mansfield scored 406 points to its opponents' 180. Every girl deserves credit for the fast passwork which baffled opponents.

At an assembly, Wednesday April 13, the following girls received letters: Captain Darmedy, Manager Dean, Crotty, Houghton, Thomas, Lovely, Creedon, Erving, Jackson, Julian, Wills, and Ogul. After the assembly the girls elected Martha Ogul as captain for the season of 1927—28.

BASEBALL

The league standing at the time this goes to press is as follows:

Mansfield	6	2
Canton	6	2
Foxboro	4	4
Franklin	4	4
Walpole	2	4
N. Easton	1	6

From the way that they are playing now, it looks as though our boys have a fine chance of winning the pennant.

Mr. Clarence Winsor, the boys' athletic coach, deserves much credit for the way he has coached the boys in the three sports of the season.

The schedule so far is as follows:

Alumni	— 4	H. S.	— 9
Norton	— 3	H. S.	—30
*Canton	—15	H. S.	—18
Wrentham	— 7	H. S.	—20
*Franklin	—15	H. S.	— 4
*N. Easton	—12	H. S.	—14
Attlboro	— 6	H. S.	—10
*Walpole	— 6	H. S.	— 8
*Franklin	— 1	H. S.	— 5
Wrentham	— 9	H. S.	—10
*Canton	—17	H. S.	— 1
*Foxboro	— 4	H. S.	— 6
*N. Easton	— 6	H. S.	—12

The games starred are league games.

The team is composed of Captain "Emil" Corey, Manager Merrill, Aspray, Bellavance, R. Martin, Ulm, Harlor, Whitehouse, Beatty, Jalbert, Coad, Dustin, Jones, and Sehron.

TRACK

At the forty-second annual Harvard interscholastic track and field carnival, held Saturday, May 14, a fine showing was made by

Terrell Cobb. In the mile race with competitors from various "prep" schools and academies, Cobb finished third. On Monday, May 30, he ran at the annual Brown interscholastic track and field carnival, finishing second, running the mile in 4. 31 and one-fifth.

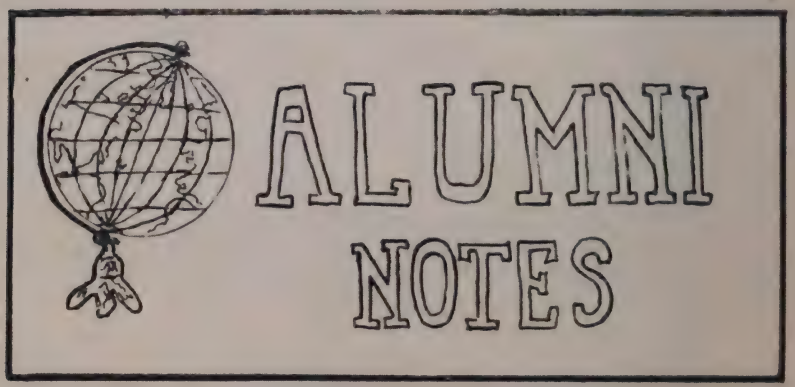
At an assembly, June 1, Terrell Cobb was given his letter for the splendid work he has done in track events. He is classed by experts as being one of the five best mile runners in New England.

All the boys and girls of the junior and senior classes took part in an interscholastic meet, which was required of all high schools in this state.

The juniors made a fine showing in this event. One of the junior boys, Whitehouse, has the record for the running broad jump, of seventeen feet, eight inches.

The seniors took first place in all the events except this one.

Boys' High Jump Corey, Marshall and Danforth, four feet, nine inches.
Girls' High Jump Dean, four feet, one inch
Boys' 100 yd. Dash Corey, eleven and one fifth seconds.
Girls' 50 yd Dash Dean and Palmer, five seconds.
Boys' Running Broad Jump Corey and Aspray, seventeen feet.
Girls' Basketball Throw Dean, fifty-nine feet, two inches.



At the annual meeting of the Mansfield Alumni Association held Nov. 26, 1926, the following officers were elected:

Miss Mary Halliday, President
Mrs. Gladys Chapman, Vice-President
Everett Robinson, Treasurer
John C. Gaffney, Secretary

The present Board of Trustees was re-elected to serve another year.

It was voted to hold the annual Alumni Ball, and New Year's

Eve was the date selected. A very pretty party with a large attendance was held at this time.

At a later meeting of the Alumni on March 19, 1927, plans were made for a reunion and banquet to be held on May 4th. On this date, after detailed and painstaking preparations on the part of the committee, the outstanding social event of the Alumni was held.

Just a little advance notice! Our next reunion is to be the Fiftieth Anniversary, and it is going over just as big as our first one; but let every graduate get interested and put his shoulder to the wheel.

John C. Gaffney
Secretary

Class of 1926

Julian Corey is attending Northeastern University.
Doreen Kane is at the Boston School of Arts.
Walter Freeman is studying at Brown and Sharp's, Providence.
Louise Austin is a freshman at Wheaton College.
Harold Harris is attending Philip's Andover, N. H.
Doris Clinton is employed at the Foxboro Co.
Charles Aspray is employed at the S. W. Card Mfg. Co.
Marriages: Sybil Bessom to Charles Avery.
Helen Waterman to George Giles.

Class of 1925

Helen Brown is at Bridgewater Normal School.
Mary Harlor is training to be a nurse at St. Luke's Hospital, N. Y. C.
Joan Davidson and Alice Cobb are employed at the Mansfield Bleachery.
Esther Sargent is attending Bates College.
Dorothy Harlor is employed at the S. W. Card Mfg. Co.

Class of 1924

Mialma Hibberts and Loris Lovely are operators in the local telephone exchange.
Samuel Fredricks will be a junior at Harvard next year.
Harold Noonan is attending Boston College.
Virginia Sawyer is a Junior at Wheaton College.
Eleanor Lovely has a dancing school in the Wheeler Building.

Class of 1923

Alice Richards is a senior at Wheaton College.
Hazel Engler has become Mrs. Emons Turner.
Mary Driscoll and Margaret Welch are students at Boston University.
Beth Janes is teaching in Danielson, Connecticut.

Class of 1922

Carl Anderson will be graduated this year from Colgate University.
Wesley Grover is attending the School of Normal Arts, Boston.

Edith Livermore is working in the City Hall, Providence, R. I.
Wilbur Johnson is studying at Springfield College.

Class of 1921

Mary Halliday is teaching in Bridgewater.
Myrtle Donlan is employed at the Town Hall.
Freida Bliss is superintendent of the Mansfield Hatchery.

Jokes

Teacher—"Can you give me an example of wasted energy?"
Pupil—"Yes sir. Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

Teacher—"Why do you sit scratching your head in class?"
Freshie—"I'm the only one who knows it is itching."

An Irishman was smoking in a car. After a while the lady who was seated beside him said, "If you were a gentlemen you would not smoke here." He replied, "If you were a lady you wouldn't stay here." She retorted, "If you were my husband I'd give you poison." Taking his pipe out of his mouth, the Irishman said, "Well, madam, if you were my wife, I'd take it."

Father—"Who were the Four Horsemen?"
Son—"Bill Sheridan, Buffalo Bill, Will Rogers, and Barney Google."

Joe—"My wife not only loves me, but she worships me."
Jim—"How it that?"
Joe—"At every meal she puts burnt offerings before me."

Stage Hand (to manager)—"Shall I lower the curtain, Sir? One of the living statues has the hiccough."

English Student—"The man who lost both his legs——"
Professor—"Well, finish the sentence."
English Student—"went walking down the street."

"Father, the man that you owe five hundred dollars is on the 'phone."
"Tell him we had the 'phone taken out." ———Burdett Lion.

Judge—"Why did you steal the necklace from the jeweler's shop?"
Honest Thief—"Because a sign on the window read, 'Avail yourself of this splendid opportunity', and I couldn't resist it."

Little Boy—"Mamma, see those funny clowns."
Mamma—"Hush, those are college boys."

Instructor—"Have you heard of the Holy Alliance?"
Dumb Freshie (raising his hand)—"Just heard of it."

Pat had his appendix taken out and said, "Thank goodness, that's done."

First Patient—"Don't be too sure; they left a sponge in me."
Second Patient—"They left some tools inside me."
Doctor (entering the room)—"Has anyone seen my hat?"
Pat fainted.

Teacher—"Give for one year the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States."
Pupil—"1492—None."

Professor—"What can you tell me about nitrates?"
Student—"Well—er—they're much cheaper than day rates."

He was explaining the difference between duet, trio, quartette, etc., to his little son. "Five instruments would be a quintette," he continued. "What do you think six would be?"
His son replied, "An orchestra."

Wife—"I took a recipe for this cake out of the cook book."
Hubby (sampling the soggy thing)—"You did quite right. It never should have been put in."

Store Clerk—"My wife managed to drive a nail yesterday without hitting her thumb."
Paint Salesman—"How was that?"
Store Clerk—"She got me to hold the nail."

Grocer—"Monday you didn't turn up; Tuesday you left the groceries at the wrong number; Wednesday you smashed the bicycle; and yesterday you insulted my best customer. What have you to say for yourself."
Clerk—"Nothing; I've left."

According to a Vermont paper a Scotchman was discovered wandering around in one of the towns up there, with a pair of rumpled trousers over his arm.
"Can I help you in any way?" asked a kindly citizen.
"Man," replied the Scotchman, who was evidently a newcomer, "I'm looking for the **Burlington Free Press**."

Teacher—"Define **motorman** and **conductor**?"
Pupil—"The motorman changes the handle, and the conductor handles the change."

"Give me a sentence using the word chagrin."
"Aw, why don't chagrin once in a while?"

Flapper—"I hear you are one of these Mexican athletes."
Collegiate—"What do you mean?"
Flapper—"You can throw the bull."

"There's no change in him," said the doctor, as he finished operating on the little boy who was supposed to have swallowed a penny.

Ann—"What is the difference between a red onion and a white one?"
Betty—"I don't know."
Ann—"You don't know your onions."

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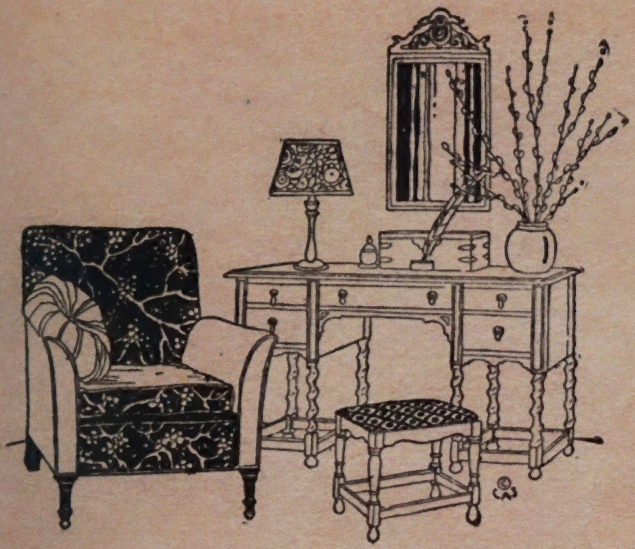

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